

Sir, by your Favour, quoth the *Bard*,
Your *Censures* are unjust and hard;
I've done them *Honour*, as I think,
Or let my *Name* for ever stink.
Why that's most *certain*, quoth the *Spright*,
And thou'rt a *Coxcomb* by this *Light*,
So empty, senseless, and so dull,
Thou'rt every *School-boy's* *Ridicule*.
A damn'd *Reproach* to *Verse* and *Prose*,
As well as the *Galenic* *Dose*.

What! saith the *Doctor*, in a *Fury*,
I no *Physician*! — I assure you
Diseases run from me affrighted;
My *Skills* so great, that I am *Knighted*;
Such vast *Discoveries* I have made
Throughout the *Esculapean* *Trade*,

The *Cits* applaud, their *Wives* adore,
My numerous *Verse* and *Medic* *Power*.

Come, thou'rt a *Scoundrel*, quoth the *Ghost*;
Of *Wit* and *Cures* alike you boast;
Know I am *Mevius*, that of old,
In *Thoughts* sublime and *Master* bold,
Did every *versifying* *Ass*,
By a *Bar's* length at least, *surpass*;
And only am *out-done* by you
In *lofty Noise* and *Nonsense* too:
Then *Mevius* tore his wither'd *Bays*,
And threw 'em in the *Doctor's* *Face*;
Who, being *scared* at such a *Scene*,
Has promis'd he're to *Write* again.

F I N I S.

B O O K S lately Printed:

1. The generous Conquerour. A Tragedy. By S. Higson, Esq; Price 1 s. 6 d.
2. Happy Days. Or, A Poem on Matrimony. By Sir Charles Sedley, Bart.
3. Law against Cuckoldom: Or, A Tryal of an Adulteress. A Poem.
4. A General and Comical View of the Cities of London and Westminster: or, Mr. Silvester Partridge's Infallible Predictions. In two Parts: Giving an impartial Account of several Merry Humours, Occurrences and Intrigues, that have and will be transacted amongst all Degrees of People, and in all Manner of Places, down from the Beaux to the Bellows-mender, and the nice East-India Lady to the Covent-garden Crack; and from Westminster-hall to the Bear-garden in the Months past and to come, October, November, December, January, February, and March. Price 1 s.
5. Advice to the Kentish Long-tails.

Sold by J. Nutt, near Stationer's-hall; J. Baker, at Mercers-chappel; T. Harrison, at the Royal-exchange; J. Chantry, at Temple-bar; and J. Follet, in the Strand.

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2253
AN ODE,

By way of

ELEGY,

ON

The universally lamented Death

Of the incomparable

M^R. DRYDEN.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam Chari Capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene———
Quando ullum inveniam parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*



Horat. lib. 1. ode 25.

By Alexander Oldys.

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by most Booksellers, 1700.

1790

Y. C. F.

Death

W. C. F.

1790

1790

1790

1790

1790

To my worthy Friend

Mr. James Dixon.

SIR,

THE many and great obligations, which you have been pleas'd to lay on me, give me the greatest confusion imaginable, at present, when I consider that I am sueing for a Greater Favor than All, in being the liberty to præfix your Name to these Lines; which, tho' I am sensible they will be Condemn'd by The Great, yet the shame of that can no way affect you, when I do you the justice to assure the Town, that it is contrary to your knowledge, that you are becom my Patron: so your Nicer sense cannot be accountable in the least; for you had no hand in it, and you may plead

Quæ non fecimus Ipsi

Vix ea nostra voco

May, you were not Guilty of so much as of the knowledge of This my wicked Intentions; wicked, I mean if it should offend you and my other Friends; who need not Blush for me, Since I have already such a terroure upon my Conscience for this Aggression, as is, I think, a punishment, in some measure, Equal to my Crime, and all that I can urge in my defence, is that it was pure Respect to the dear memory of This Great Man, to whom I had the honour to be known, that provok'd, or, let me rather say--- oblig'd me to Expose my self on this occasion. I never attempted anything in

A

this

*this measure for the Publick before; and I doubt not that
I shall do yet, severer penance for it, in the censures of our
Awful Wits, which I already fear; but your Judgement
is still more dreaded than All, by*

Worthy Sir,

Your most oblig'd,

obedient and
humble Servant

Alexander Oldys.

A N

A N O D E,

On the Death of

M^R. DRYDEN.

O N a soft Bank of Camomel I fate,
 Or shaded by two mournful Yews;
 (Doubtless, it was the will of Fate
 I this retreat shou'd choose)
 Where on *delicious Poetry* I fed
 Amazing Thoughts child all my blood,
 And almost stopt *the vital Floud*;
 As *Dryden's* sacred Verse I read.
 Whilst Killing Raptures seiz'd my head,
 I shook, as If I had foreknow'n
 What *All-Commanding Fate* had don;
 What for our *Souvrain Dryden* had design'd,
 Till Sleep o'rwhelm'd my *Brain* as Sorrow had my *mind*;
 To think that *All the great*, ev'n *He* must dy,
 And *Here, in Fame alone*, have Immortality.
 When, in my dream *The Fatal Muse*
 With Hair dishevell'd and in tears,
 Melpomene appears
 Upon my Throbbing heart her hand she lay'd,
 Her hand as Cold as Death; and thus she said,
 Least of my Care, be calm'd! No more Just Heav'n accuse!

B.

II.

II.

Eternal Fate has said:— He must Remove;
 The Bards Triumphant wait for him Above.
 To Everlasting Day and Blest Abodes
 (The seats of *Poets* and of Gods)

He's gon, to fill the Throne
 Which None cou'd fill but He Alone;
 The Glorious Throne for Him prepar'd;
 Of Glorious Acts The Glorious, Just Reward.
 See, see, As He Ascends on high,
 The sacred Bards attending in the Sky!
 So *low* do they Descend

To meet Their *Now* Immortal Friend!
 Immortal There Above and Here Below,
 As long as Men shall Wit and *English* know
Th' unequal'd Dryden *must* be so,
Immortal in his *Verse*, in *Verse unequal'd* too.

She said,--- Then disappear'd; when I
 Cou'd plainly see all that was don on *High*.

III.

I saw *Above* an universal Joy,
 Perfect, without alloy;
 (so Great as ne'r till then had been,
 Since the sweet *Waller* Enter'd in)
 When all that sacred Company, (great Jubile.
 Brought the triumphant *Bard* from *Ours* to Heaven's
 That was the occasion of *his Happiness*,
 And of *our Sorrows* (surely, that the Cause, (press
 Call'd hence *Heav'n's Monarchs praise* to help't ex-
 And to receive for that his *Own* deserv'd applause.

There

There wanted still one in the Heav'nly Quire,
Dryden Alone was their Desire,
Whom for the sacred song *th'* *Almighty* did Inspire.
 'Twas Pitty to 'Us that so long delay'd
 His Blest Translation to Eternal Light;
 Or, otherwise may we not be Afraid
'Twas for the sins of som who durst presume to *Write*?
 VWho durst in *Verse*, in *Sacred Poetry*,
 Ev'n Heav'n's own design bely,
 And damn themselves with utmost Industry!
 For This may we not dread
 The mighty Prophet's taken from our head?
 And tho the fate of these I fear,
 I in Respect must venture here.
 A Long and Racking VVar was sent,
 Of Common Sins, a Common Punishment;
 To the unthinking Crowd the only Curse;
 Who feel no Loss but in their Purse:
 But (Ah!) what Loss can *now* be worse?
 The Mighty Pan ha's left our mournful shoar;
 The Mighty Pan is Gon, *Dryden* is Here no more.

IV.

When to the Blest, Bright Region he was com,
 The Vulgar Angels Gaz'd, and made him room:
 Each Laureat Monarch welcom's him on high,
 And to Embrace him all together fly:
 Then strait the Happy Guest is show'n
 To his Bright and Lofty Throne,
 Inferiour there to None.
 A Crown beset with litle Suns, whose Rays
 Shoot forth in foliages resembling Bays,

Now on his Head they place:
 Then round him all the Sacred Band
 Lowdly Congratulating stand:
 When, after Silence made,
 Thus the Sweetest VValler said
 Well hast Thou merited, *Triumphant Bard!*
 For, once I knew Thee *Militant Below*,
 VVhen I my self was so;
 Dang'rous thy Post, the Combat Fierce and Hard,
 Ignorance and Rebellion still Thy Foe
 But for those litle pains see now the Great Reward!
 Mack-Fleeknoe and Achitophel
 Can now no more disturb thy peace,
 Thy Labours past, thy Endless joys encrease,
 The more Thou hast endur'd the more Thou do'st Excel.
 And for the Laurels snatch' from Thee Below
 Thou wear'st an Everlasting Crown upon thy Hallow'd
 (Brow.

V.

The Bard who next the New-born saint Addrest
 VVas Milton, for his *Wonderous Poem* Blest;
 VVho strangely found, in his *Lost Par'dise*, Rest.
 Great Bard (said he) 'twas Verse alone
 Did for my Hideous Crime atone,
 Defending once the worst Rebellion.
 A Double share of Bliss belongs to Thee,
 For thy Rich Verse and thy firm *Loyalty*,
 Som of my *Harsh*, and *Uncouth* Points do ow
 To Thee a Tuneful Cadance still Below.
Thine was, *Indeed*, *The State of Innocence*,
 Mine of offence,
 with

With study'd Treason and self-intrest stain'd ;
 Till *Par'dise Lost* wrought *Paradise Regain'd*.
 He said: -- When thus our *English Abraham*,
 (In *Heaven* the second of that Name,
Cowley as Glorious there as Sacred here in Fame,)
 Welcom, *Aleides*, to this Hapy Place!
 Our Wiith, and our Long Expectation here,
 Makes thee to us more Dear ;
 Thou great destroyer of that Monstrous Race,
 Which our *sad, former* feat did *Harrals* and *Disgrace*,
 Be Blest and Welcom'd with our Praise,
 Thy Great, *Herculean* Labours don,
 And all the Courses of thy *Zodiac* run ;
 Shine here to us a more Illustrious Sun!
 But see! *Thy Brethren Gods in Poetry*,
The whole Great Race Divine,
 Ready in thy Applause to joyn,
 Who will Supply what is Defect in me.

Rochester once on Earth a Prodigy,
 A happy Convert now on High,
 Here begins his Wond'rous Laies,
 In the Sainted Poet's Praise.
 Fathomless *Buckingham*, smooth *Orrery*,
 The Witty *D'Avenant*, *Denbam*, *Suckling* too,
Shakespear, *Natures Kneller*, who
Natures Picture likest drew,
 Each in their turn his Praise pursue.
 His Song Elab'rate *Johnson* next do's try,
 On Earth unus'd to Elogy :
Beaumont and *Fletcher* Sing together still,
 And with their Tuneful Notes the Arched Palace fill:
 C The

The Noble Patron Poet now do's try,
 His *Wondrous Spenser* to outvy:
Drayton did next our *Sacred Bard* Address,
 And Sung *Above* with wonderful success.
 Our *Englisch Ennius*, He who gave,
 To *The Great Bard* kind welcom to his Grave,
Chaucer, the *Mighty'st Bard* of yore,
 Whose Verse cou'd Mirth, to saddest Souls restore,
 Caress'd him next whil'st his delighted Eye,
 Express'd his Love, and thus his Tongue his Joy,
 Was I, when erst Below (said he)
 In hopes so Great a Bard to see:
 As *Thou my Son*, Adopted into me,
 And all this *Godlike Race*, some equal ev'n to Thee!
 O! tis enough. -- Here soft *Orinda* came,
 And Spritely *Afra*, Muses Both on Earth;
 Both Burn'd here with a Bright Poetic flame,
 Which to their happiness *above* gave birth;
 Their Charming Songs, his entertainment close,
 The *mighty Bard* then smiling, Bow'd and 'rose.

Strait from his head, each takes his Laurel'd Crown,
 And on the Golden Pavment casts it down:
 All prostrate fall, before *Heavens High Imperial Throne*;
 When the *New Saint* begins his song Alone:
 Won'drous even *there*, It was Confest,
 Scarce to be Equal'd by the Rest:
Herbert nor *Crashaw*, tho on earth *Divine*,
 So sweetly cou'd their Numbers Joyn!
 When (Lo!) the Light of twenty thousands Suns,
 All in one Body, shining *All* at once,

Darts from Th' Imperial to this Lower Court;
A Light which *They* but hardly cou'd support!

Then the *Great Anthem* was begun,
Wich all the *Hallow'd Bards* together sing;
And by no Choir of angels is out done,
But by *The Great Seraphic Choir Alone*,
That day and night surround *The Awful Throne*
Of *Heavens Eternal King*:

Even *They Themselves* did the Great Chorus fill, (*Hill*.
And brought the Grateful sounds to *Heav'n's High Holy'st*

My Soul shook with the *Sacred Harmony*,
Which soon alarm'd my heart;
I fancy'd I was falling from on *High*
And waken'd with a start;
Wak'd (said I?) surely no; I did not sleep;
Can they be Dreams which such Impressions make?
My soul do's still the Blest *Idea's* keep;
And still (methinks,) I see 'em tho *Awake!*
The other thrones too, which, *tho vacant*, thone
With Greater Glory then the sun,
Come fresh into my mind;
Which once will lose their lustre by their *Bards* outdon,
VWhen fill'd with those for whom they are design'd,
Upon their fronts I saw the Glitt'ring names,
All written in *Coelestial flames*.
For *Dorset* what a Pallace did I see!
For *Montague*! And what for *Normanby*!
VWhat Glorys wait for *Wyckeryl*!
For *Congreve*, *Southern*, *Tate*, *Garth*, *Addison*?
For *Stepney*, *Prior* and for *Dennis* too;
VWhat Thrones are void, what Joys prepar'd and due?
The

The Pleasant Dear Companion Check
 (VWhom all the Great altho at Midnight, seek)
 His Glorious wreath must wear and endles Joys persue.
 And for *Mottoux, my Gallic Friend*,
 The like Triumphant Laurels wait ;
 Tho Heav'n, I hope, will send it very late,
 Er' *They* or *He* to their Blest Seats ascend.
 Tis in *Their* Verse, next *His*, that He must Live;
 Next *His*, *Their* Lines Eternal Fame can give,
 Then all the Happiness on Earth I know (low
 Is, that such Godlike Men as they are with us still be-

F I N I S.

THE . 7670
COURT
OF
NEPTUNE.

A Poem.

ADDRESS'D.

To the Right Honourable
CHARLES MONTAGUE Esq.

BY

JOHN HUGHES.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Gray's-Inn Gate in
Gray's-Inn Lane. 1700.

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